

# The Iron Brigade

A STORY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC

By GEN. CHARLES KING  
Author of "The Iron Brigade," "The Colonel's Daughter," "The Boy's Story," etc.

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## CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

It had started and then angered the elder man, so loyal and devoted had his son ever been in the past. Well he knew that, though some letters had passed in April between Paul Ladue and persons in Alabama, it was impossible to prove that he was planning to join the southern army, much less that he was furnishing information, or "aid and comfort to the enemy." Since the first of May the worst that could be said of him was that he had sent three letters to a certain address in St. Louis, and that three missives had come to him bearing the St. Louis postmark. Everybody knew that St. Louis was infested with southern sympathizers who had means of communication with friends beyond the line, and it was these letters, McKinnon referred to when he dared to suggest that it was the postmaster's duty to open them and learn their contents. Not yet had the north reached the point of violating the sanctity of personal mail.

"So far from his being McKinnon's fault," the elder Benton answered, as soon as he could control his voice, "I hold your friend Paul solely responsible. McKinnon is an intensely loyal man, and he and I both are indignant that any man should be living here in our midst and holding treasonable correspondence with the enemy. You will do well, sir, if you hope for a commission, to hold aloof from so dangerous an association."

Fred would not hold aloof. For three days he was constantly at the Ladues, comforting Paul as best he could, and on the evening of the third day, after ruefully, enviously bidding adieu to many a friend who had marched away with the Second, he had cut loose from the crowd and returned to his labor of love. Entering the shaded gateway he had been surprised to see a vision in white seated close to Paul's reclining chair, and confounded and troubled to find that it was Elinor. Bravely she had risen and faced him:

"It seems that it is not enough that Paul should be forbidden our house," said she, with strangely calm and controlled manner, "but this afternoon father bade me pack my trunk and be ready to go to Aunt Margaret to-morrow. I have obeyed him, and to-night I shall tell him that I came here to bid Paul good-by." Then with bowed head she hurried away.

"What was the promise, Paul?" asked Benton after a moment of silence.

"I told Elinor and I tell you, Fred, that if I had any idea that duty demanded my going back to the land of my birth—it is ended. If people will only let me stay in peace—my place is here."

"Good God, Paul!" was the almost exultant answer. "What a load you've lifted from my mind! What a face this will be to McKinnon!"

And so perhaps it might have been had it become known to him and to the public that evening before he had finished his impassioned speech and had exhibited a certain letter, but even as they sat there, hand in hand, the sound of cheering grew fierce and frequent. On the broad veranda sat Elinor looking at the dim light up the street where dwelt the Ladues, and listening to the cheering that told unerringly the stirring effect of the speaker's words.

Away to the west, down in the valley of the river, a confused murmur rose upon the night. Then to their amazement came Fred to the front gate, half lifting, half leading a slim-built, reluctant youth whose voice she knew on the instant. "You must, Paul," she heard Fred saying, low and stern. "I can't lick a thousand fellow citizens. The only thing is to get you in some safe harbor until this blows over."

Opening the cellar door, he plunged his unwilling prisoner into the dark depths and bounded back to the front gate just in time to see a throng of men sweeping silently up the wide thoroughfare, passing him by with hardly a gleam of recognition, and finally halting nearly two blocks away in front of the little homestead of the Ladues.

Just then the squire appeared, springing from a hack that had driven swiftly on the trail of the crowd, and started at sight of his son, standing there like sentry at the gate.

Somebody was haranguing the crowd, now completely filling the street from block to block only 400 yards away, while men and boys, jabbering excitedly, were still hurrying by the Bentons to join the throng.

A mighty bass was uplifted over the clamor and belloyed on the night: "They tarred and feathered and rode our teachers on a rail for no cause whatever. I move, by God, that before we let Paul Ladue wear a rebel coat we give him one of tar and feathers. I know where to find him."

It was the rill ruff of the city that made up the bulk of the crowd—the idler, the loafer, the saloon hanger-on, the same class precisely that six weeks before had mobbed the men of Massachusetts in the streets of Baltimore. Of the thousand shouting and swaying there in the dim light of the city lamps probably not 50 men were respectable citizens, and all too late, George McKinnon began to realize that he was now powerless to quench the train his vehement oratory had fired.

"My God," cried Mr. Benton. "They are coming here!"

Running toward them along the sidewalk, distancing the crowd, pale now and trembling, came McKinnon. "Quick!" he cried. "Let me take Miss Elinor round to Judge Meredith's. She's safe there. Come—come, Elinor, he pleaded, with outstretched hand. But the blue eyes looked him over with utter indifference. She would not even vouchsafe reply.

"What in heaven's name have you done, McKinnon?" cried the father. "Surely you ought to have known it was playing with fire to arouse these savans. Go in doors, child," he com-

tinged, turning suddenly to her. But now it was McKinnon who detailed.

"Stop! You must see," said he. "Here is what came for him this very night. New do you believe?"

Benton took the heavy envelope extended to him. It bore the St. Louis postmark. It had been sliced open with a knife. It was addressed to "Paul Ladue, Esq., bookseller and stationer, East Water street, —, and it contained another envelope still sealed and unbroken, addressed in round, clerical hand to First Lieut. Paul Ladue, Eleventh Alabama infantry, and bore at the upper left hand corner the letters so often used in the old days of the old army, O. P. S. (on public service), instead of the later shibboleth of the war department, "official business."

"It is fatal," said the veteran lawyer, with a gasp of dismay.

"It is a forgery!" said Fred, his son, whereat McKinnon started as though stung. And now the mob, headed by Hugh Gale, came swarming to their gate, and their spokesman, in his resounding bass, addressed himself to the master.

"Squire Benton, it is my belief that the man we want is hidden here on your premises. Your son has long been his most intimate friend. Mr. Ladue invited our committee to enter and search. Will you do the same? Or are you going to shelter rebel spies and traitors?"

"You are not going to enter and search," answered Benton, sturdily. "This city has been my home since it was a mere village. This is my home, and by the eternal, you shall not violate it!"

"Shut up!" yelled the crowd. "Go ahead, Gale. We're with you," and snuffing action to word two of their number leaped down upon the flowerbeds and came lunging out across the grass plot. In an instant Fred Benton, breaking from Elinor's restraining hands, sprang to confront them, and without a word, sent his clinched fist square at the leader's jaw and tumbled him among the pansies. His fellows recoiled to the fence, and a howl of



ELINOR KNELT THERE.

mingled wrath and admiration went up from the mob. Then somebody picked up a huge clod from a pile of soft, fresh-cut sod that stood by the tree box at the edge of the gutter, and with practiced hand hurled it at McKinnon. It took that portly counselor 'twixt midriff and gorge, just as a bulky vegetable, hurtling through gas-lit space, landed full on his distended cheek.

Then of a sudden there arose from the throats of the mob a yell of triumph and rejoicing, for at the head of the steps stood Paul Ladue, facing them with flashing eyes and without a tremor. Another instant and before Fred could interpose, light and agile, he bounded down the steps, across the lawn and vaulted to the flat-topped fence at the corner, lighting like a cat on his feet, and confronted them.

"Who accuses me—and of what am I accused?" he cried.

"You're a damned spy!" "Rebel!" "Traitor!" "Here, give us that letter, Squire," were the yells from the crowd. And then big Gale, the blacksmith, tore a way round to the side and waved under the pale, quivering face McKinnon's contribution to the evening's disturbance—the letter he would now have been glad to withdraw. "What have you to say to this, Mr. Lieut. Paul Ladue, Eleventh Alabama?"

"I say it's a forgery and a lie!" was the ringing answer.

"Any man would, fixed as you are," boomed the blacksmith. "Do you deny corresponding with your rebel cousin in Alabama, too?"

"No, and you can see their letters any time you wish."

"Damn their letters!" shouted Gale. Then facing the crowd, "Fellow citizens, what shall we do with him?"

Up went a chorus of curses and yells, in the midst of which Fred Benton sprang to the fence beside his friend, and his father vainly shouted, begging to be heard. "You be quiet, Squire," answered the nearest. "We don't want you—you're all right." Fred was felled by a stone that struck him full in the forehead. Paul Ladue's legs were jerked from under him and he was dragged, struggling and striking at every face within reach, and borne away, the vortex of a whirlpool of raging humanity whose hoarse shoutings gradually died to distant roar as they surged onward down the slope to Market square, Benton and McKinnon vainly following, imploring and protesting. Then one level-headed lad ran like a deer to the quarters of a cadet company across the river, and while Elinor knelt there by her stricken brother, chafing his hand and bathing his discolored brow, the courthouse bell in rapid clang, pealed out the alarm of fire.

An hour later, limp and exhausted, in the care of a physician, and escorted to the pier by Benton and city officials, the victim of mob fury was borne to a stateroom on the "Northern Light" and so on to Chicago.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE FIRST UNIFORM.

For many a week there came no word from Paul Ladue. At the little frame cottage near the lake a sad-eyed, submissive, broken man sat long

hours each day in a worn old rocking-chair, apathetic, uncomplaining, yet looking wistfully into the faces of the few who came to see him as though imploring news of his now doubly bashed boy.

In every way did the squire seek to aid the needy household, and all unrequited, Elinor went day after day to see Ladue and the fragile woman, his wife, who never left her room. In one brief letter from St. Louis, Paul had announced his intention of making his way to Mobile. After that—who could say?

And Fred, too, Elinor's staunch ally and supporter, was gone. Denied a commission in the earlier regiments of his native state, for the reason that the men demanded the right to elect their officers from among these enlisted with them, a course which his father had forbidden, he had found life well nigh unbearable after the almost tragic events of that night in June, and so boldly wrote a long, urgent, appealing letter to a general officer, appealing letter to a general officer, a real soldier of the old army—who, since before the days of the Mexican war and until recalled to active service in the spring of '61, had made the Badger state his home, and that vehement, vigorous letter the general took and laid before the president himself.

This was before the first serious eye-opener—the battle of Bull Run, and the tall, ungainly son of the west was still able to see the whimsical side of things, untinted by the infinite and suffering of the days to come.

"Wants to be a soldier and to sink the law, does he?" said the president, stretching his long, lean legs underneath the table and running his huge hand through the crop of bristling hair that crowned his forehead like a hedgerow, "and the squire won't let him enlist—I met Benton once at Rice's caravanserai there in Chicago—and the boy's won't have anybody that doesn't start even with them? Well, general, I see only one way out of this fix—that is to make him a second lieutenant of regulars, unless," he continued, with a twitch about the corners of his broad mouth, "unless I appoint him a brigadier general. According to some of the papers I may have done worse. Which shall it be?"

"The second lieutenant will appeal to him, I think, sir," said the general, "and then I can appoint him aide-de-camp and teach him practical soldiering so that he won't be utterly a novice when he goes to his regiment. I know the lad and am under many an obligation to his father."

"So be it," said the president. And so it happened that two days later there came to Fred a wire from Washington bidding him join his general there forthwith, and within another 48 hours he was gone. For a few days in mid July he was home again as aide to the general, who had been ordered thither to help the state authorities in the organization of still more regiments. Tall and stiff and "swagger" he looked in his eastern-made uniform, a vivid contrast to many an old school friend whose first blue frock coat seemed more like an off-color edition of some clerical garment than the garb of a soldier. Fearfully and wonderfully were they made—those uniforms of our western volunteers, and much did they of the great army about Washington marvel and make merry at the sight of the officers of the few regiments from Badger and Hoosier chosen to represent their states on the "sacred soil" of eastern Virginia.

And about the first thing Fred Benton had done on his return was to snub, if he actually insult, his father's junior partner, between whom and that father relations were already severely strained.

Never yet had George McKinnon been able to satisfactorily explain how that letter addressed to Paul Ladue had come into his possession. Important as it doubtless was held to be, as evidence of Ladue's active sympathy with the rebellion, there were not a few respectable citizens who declared the postmaster gravely culpable for surrendering it to any but the lawful owner. Whereat the postmaster on hearing of the cry against him came out with a card in the "Watchman," insisting that the letter had been placed by the distributing clerk in the Ladue box, which was at least six feet from the general delivery window, and that neither he nor any one of the employees had subsequently touched it.

Naturally matters looked equally for McKinnon. He had been popular, but the better class of people felt that Paul Ladue had been harshly, even outrageously, dealt with, and that McKinnon's insidious, if not fiery, speeches were the direct cause.

A revulsion of feeling had set in. Before leaving for Washington there had been ample time for Fred Benton to spread abroad Ladue's declaration that nothing would persuade him to cast his lot with the south.

Such was the state of feeling that Gale, the would-be heroic leader of public sentiment, awoke to the fact that it might be wise for him to cross the lake and visit kith and kin among the Wolverines, for city officials had come and asked ugly questions, and there was talk of arrest and indictment for inciting riot.

McKinnon called at the Bentons and asked to see Miss Elinor, and Miss Elinor asked to be excused. Benton senior approved her conduct, for there had been words between the partners—unpleasant words. In the end, McKinnon withdrew from the firm and allied himself with his old partner's bitterest rivals.

Then came the general with aide-de-camp Fred, and the former responded to McKinnon's greeting with cold and distant civility. The latter asked him what he had done with Ladue's letter and refused his proffered hand. It was lucky the general had to take his young staff officer to the state capital, whence they were recalled to Washington just in time to meet the demoralized wreck of McDowell's raw, untutored regiments, drifting in from the disaster of First Bull Run.

And then the nation woke up in earnest to a realization of the fact that the south had men as brave as the best in the land and leaders more skillful than those we had yet sent ashore. Then it became apparent that not until it was thoroughly organized, drilled and disciplined could a northern army hope to subdue the army of the south.

(To Be Continued.)

## Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph.D., M.D.

For a long time I have had letters from every part of the world asking me to give a lecture to mothers. I have hesitated to do this because there are so many things in connection with such a subject which we have been taught are too sacred for public discussion. I have answered many thousands of inquiries by private letters, and this I am always glad to do. Many years ago I took for my motto this: "The only ambition in life worth striving for is to be of service to others." I will let you be the judge as to whether or not I have lived up to my ideal. I have always considered motherhood next to Godhood, the most sacred thing which a human being may consider, and I hope that I may yet find the time and opportunity to give all of those who have become so dear to me through the Home Health Club work a complete book upon motherhood and babies. I know that parturition can, in nearly all cases, be rendered safe and almost painless.

There are some things of vital importance which the young expectant mother ought to know, and they are of such a simple and practical nature that I think I shall venture to make a few suggestions.

In the first place, we all know that the physical body and brain substance is built and maintained from the food eaten. So that not only the child itself, but the mother, must have the foods which are intended by nature to supply the elements necessary for the health of both.

During the first five months of pregnancy the foundation is laid for the physical body of the child, and during that time the mother should indulge in vigorous exercise and physical culture for developing especially those portions of the body which are weak in herself or husband, and she should partake of muscle and bone-forming foods. Tea, coffee, rich, greasy foods and spices must be absolutely avoided at this time if a strong, healthy, happy baby is desired; while many oppose the use of meats, this opposition is not justified by strictly avoided, nearly all other kinds of meats and fish, eggs, etc., may be used in moderation, if desired, without detriment to either the mother or babe.

There has recently been published a very pretentious set of instructions for expectant mothers. They must have been written by some one with little knowledge of how humanity really exists. One of the important directions says "Keep away from the odor of foods." Now, common sense ought to tell anyone that fully 75 per cent. of the mothers of the world, yes, 90 per cent. of them, not only cook their own food, but all of the food for the entire family, so what is the sense of writing such silly instructions when it is known that they cannot be carried out? Again, this book says: "To fight an excessive appetite is the hardest battle of a pregnant woman," but such a fight, as well as seeking to avoid the odor of food, is absolutely unnecessary. Make the condition natural, realize its wonder, its mystery, its power, its grandeur. The expectant mother is working jointly with the Great, the Divine, Creator of the universe, and her mental attitude toward the unborn child is told in its life. If she fully realizes the fact that the foods of which she partakes are not only for the purpose of satisfying her own appetite and supplying her bodily needs, but also is supplying through her life blood the necessary elements for the creation of another being, it will be her delight to partake of the foods which experience has shown to be the best for that purpose. A judicious use of good, wholesome food, thoroughly well masticated and consisting largely of vegetables and fruits, will go far toward making pregnancy a perfectly natural thing. If at any time there is an unnatural craving for food a cup of very hot sweet milk slipped slowly with a teaspoon will usually not only satisfy the craving, but soothe and strengthen the mother. Sometimes eating fruit or drinking a cup of water, either hot or cold, will answer the purpose.

Plenty of outdoor exercise and an abundance of fresh air in the sleeping room must be secured, but common sense must be used in connection with the exercise. It would be suicidal for some women to take vigorous exercise during the latter months of pregnancy. The mother would be broken down and the child would be all bone and muscle, with little brain.

After the fifth month has passed the bone and muscle forming food need not be used so freely, but more of the fruits and vegetables. Cut down on the meats, cheese, beans, barley, butter, milk, etc., although they should not be eliminated altogether until the last two or three weeks, after which nothing but fruit, vegetables and liquids should be eaten, if an easy birth is desired. All of these things that are necessary have been supplied during the first months, if the diet has been properly directed.

During the last four months of pregnancy the brain and mental capacity, inclination, tastes and ambition of the child are formed. During this period of four months the mother may do more for the child than any college in the world can do in as many years. Whatever she cultivates will be cultivated in the child. If her desire is for social life and she thinks and longs for it, fretting because she is deprived of it by her condition, then she must expect a fretful, selfish child, that will never be satisfied unless constantly on the go, and never contented except when surrounded by the light-hearted and idle.

If her desire can be turned to music or literature, or art or mechanics, or any one thing, and it is studied, practiced and desired, then the child's education and position in life will be fixed and these things will by nature be its greatest delight.

The unwelcome child is cursed before birth and, according to the old saying, "Curses, like chickens, come home to roost," and the hearts of many aged parents are frequently almost broken by such children. While the welcome child is a delight and joy forever and seldom causes sorrow to its parents.

## CLUE NOTES.

Bittner, N. C.—Dr. David H. Reeder.

LaPorte, Ind.—Dear Sir: I have enjoyed your Home Health Club talks very much and now will be very grateful if you can help me in a matter that is troubling me. My baby is three weeks old and, although I have nursed her this far, I find my milk is drying up and am afraid I will have to put her on the bottle unless you can help me.

I have three other children. The first I had plenty of milk for, the second I had to raise on the bottle owing to my poor health after her arrival, and the third had to be put on the bottle when about a month old, when I was taken with diphtheria. I have been in very good health all winter, and have regained my strength very rapidly since baby's arrival, so that I am able to be about, but now I am fearing another experience with the bottle baby. I would do anything to be able to nurse her through the summer, at least, and you can help me. I will be more than grateful, I have been drinking tea and cocoa at meal times, and several cups of cereal coffee, but I was told tea was best. I was also told that a drink made with bran would be good, but have not tried it. Please give me your opinion of these things and anything else that I could use. I am very anxious to nurse my baby, as we live in the country. Please help me if you can, and greatly oblige, Mrs. E. W.

You should be very careful of your own health, masticate all of your food carefully and thoroughly, and by all means avoid constipation. As to diet, drink freely of new warm milk. Have it brought to the bed, and drink at least a pint at a time. Take it one or two hours before breakfast. If milk cannot be obtained possessing animal warmth, then take new milk, add one-tenth water, and heat over a water bath to a temperature of 120 degrees. Cheese makers testify that the addition of water prevents rind from coagulating the casein in the stomach; also warm water prevents the pepsin from curdling the milk. If it is as warm as the stomach, and does not coagulate, it will be taken up by the absorbents and conveyed directly to the blood, without going through the process of digestion. Mothers who have a great aversion to milk, learn to cultivate a decided relish for it for the sake of the child. Bear in mind, however, that if it does not contain the animal warmth, it ought to be hot, so it is necessary to heat it.

Dr. R. P. Harris, in speaking of milk as a diet for delicate mothers, says: "Those who with ordinary food invariably fail to nurse longer than a few weeks are capable by this diet of becoming not only good nurses, but also of gaining flesh while secreting milk in abundance. When a delicate mother of 86 pounds weight, who had failed after a month with each of three infants, is enabled by it to nurse a child 18 months, and gain at the same time 19 pounds, the diet must be an effective one." The article next best for promoting the secretion of milk is cocoa or chocolate, prepared with plenty of milk.

Every form of malt and spirituous liquors should by all means be avoided. They derange the nervous and digestive systems of both mother and babe. Custom, happily, has to a large extent done away with the idea that "nursing women must have ale or beer." To those who still maintain this view I would recommend the study of the question, whether the help expected is at all commensurate with the danger incurred of a pernicious appetite being cultivated in both mother and child.

Good digestion is usually all that is essential for an abundant flow of milk. The food should be simple, but nutritious. Depend upon grains and fruits mainly, and by no means exclude the bran from the wheat flour. The saline elements in the bran not only stimulate digestion, but excite the secretion of milk as well. Try the experiment of feeding an Alderney cow upon fine white flour, excluding the bran. By the lack of milk you will prove that the bran contains elements preeminently stimulating to lactation. Therefore the bran drink recommended is better, much better, than any I trust that others as well as yourself may derive benefit from these suggestions.

Readers of this paper are at liberty to write for information on subjects pertaining to health. All communications should be addressed to Dr. David H. Reeder, LaPorte, Ind., and contain name and address in full and at least four cents in postage.

Drank Rebel Chief's Blood.

His excellence the vicerey of the Two Kuang, at Kueilin, a short time ago, at the execution of a famous rebel chief, stepped forward and caught some of the blood and drank it. Whether he wished to become impregnated with the courage of the robber, or whether it was a feeling of revenge that prompted the act, can only be surmised.—Canton Times.

## LOVERS OF YE OLDEN TYME.

(1) You all know ye threadbare comick paper history of ye Amoruous Couple of ye Olden Tyme who wore suche enormous ruffes yt yey couldn't possibly gette wythin embracage distance of each other—



(2) And so yey hadde to resort to some ridiculous device like yey above, What ruffe! Why yfe—



(3) They'de yust simply taken offe their collars, odd's crochett cotton, and boddikins! yey might have hadde a good tyme without yey slightest inconvenience.

## NEITHER SIDE IS GAINING.

Advocates of Reciprocity and Tariff Revision and Standpatters in a Mixup.

The New York produce exchange has sent to the state department a bitter protest against the discriminations to which American products will be subjected if the new German tariff is permitted to become operative, and expressing the hope that more equitable trade relations may be secured between the two countries. New England is clamoring for reciprocity with Canada, while other states are protesting against such a policy. The millers are striving to secure the admission under favorable conditions of Canadian wheat and the wheat growers of the west are up in arms. Boot and shoe manufacturers want the duty on hides from Argentina removed, and the cattlemen of the west, realizing the menace which would confront them if such a concession is made, are bending every energy toward warding it off. The Texas legislature has petitioned President Roosevelt to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Mexico, whereby grain, cattle hogs and poultry can be more freely exported to that country, in return for which certain Mexican products would be admitted on more favorable terms than at present.

On every hand, says the Detroit Free Press, the forces seeking to compel reciprocity and a revision of the tariff are confronted by no less zealous defenders of the present policy, and the result is a merry mixup in which neither side appears to have any marked advantage. As a general proposition, there is no reason to fear that the country would suffer materially if it is decided to forego the revenue now derived from Canadian and Mexican imports, in return for the illimitable trade opportunities offered by these two nations. Quite the contrary appears to be the case, the United States having a marked advantage under such conditions. Better trade relations with other nations are likewise desirable if we are to maintain our position in the industrial and commercial world. American products, despite the existence of favorable treaties, are subjected to the most flagrant discrimination in Germany. In other lands our advantage is handicapped.

The advantage accruing to the nation as a whole from a revision of existing agreements and more equitable arrangements with other nations is apparent. However, any step in this direction would evoke a wall of protests from the interests who feared they might be affected by the proposed change. The steel manufacturer is willing that Canadian logs should be admitted free to the United States; the wheat grower has no objection to hides being exempted from duty; the cattlemen fail to see where the harm lies in importing Manitoba wheat free of duty. When individual interests are threatened, however, the situation assumes an entirely different aspect. It is this fact that precludes the possibility of any immediate revision of rates. The time may come when the people will awake to the needs of the hour and progress will be possible. At present, reciprocity and tariff revision, like bolts, alone are endurable when they afflict only the other fellow.

## POLITICAL PRESS NOTES.

Premier Balfour is silent on the fiscal question. So is Secretary Shaw. But Mme. Deficit has not lost her voice.—N. Y. World.

A characteristic bit of protection logic is offered by the Atlanta Constitution (dem.): "Germany, next to England, is America's best customer. Of course, the stand-patters will be supremely indifferent to losing German trade through their denial of a decent measure of tariff reciprocity."

Secretary Shaw has ordered a drawback of duties on "benzoylsulfonic, anhydrous sodium salt of benzoyl sulfonic amide manufactured wholly from ortholinosulfamide, and potassium permanganate." It's going to be hard to beat a man for the presidency when he knows things like that.—Tionesta (Pa.) Republican.

There is one serious defect in the government's management of national banks. While it would be quite too great a stretch of paternalism for the government to guarantee the safety of depositors, there should be a greater number of bank inspectors. This has been frankly conceded by the comptroller of the currency, and has been undeniably true for years. So long as the government professes to inspect banks, it should do the work well.—Washington Post.

Vice President Fairbanks is shrewd enough to know that the world is perceptibly tiring of war and war lords. "The nation which seeks an honorable settlement of differences with its neighbors in some other manner than by the sword," he told the international congress of railroad men, "is not decadent, it is not wanting in national virility." The reaction sure to come after Roosevelt, will find a good Indiana man ready and willing to take charge of it.—Albany Argus.

The steel trust's net earnings for the first three months of the year were only \$23,025,896, or a measly \$10,000,000 more than for the corresponding quarter of last year. At that rate the concern will soon in the medical class with the beef trust.—Washington Post.

## Instead of Late Ones.

Senior Partner—What are you reading about?

Junior Partner—The early settlers.

Senior Partner—The early settlers, eh? By hokey, I wish we had more of that kind upon our books.

## NOTES FROM JAPAN.

Japanese dead are buried in a squatting posture, chin upon knees. The average Japanese is better bathed than the average Britisher.

Danjuro, the great Japanese tragedian, is also the most skillful dancer of Japan.

Modern Japanese coins and banknotes bear legends in English as well as in Japanese.

The name of the empress of Japan is O Haru—"spring." The name of the crown prince is Yoshi Hito.

## MISSOURI STATE NEWS.

### Land Titles in Dispute.

By a decision rendered by Judge Rodgers, in the federal district court in St. Louis, the titles to thousands of acres of land in Pemiscot county is placed in dispute involving the site of the entire town of Steele. The decision was in the case of Mrs. Jennie Brothers, of Louisville, Ky., who sued to recover about 600 acres of land, which she claimed. It was contended that the titles to the property had been destroyed in a fire in the courthouse in 1888. Mrs. Brothers, by the decision, was awarded three-quarters of all land she sued for; a sum of \$500 damages and \$25 kept out of the use of the property. At the trial, which took place last month, it was alleged that when the courthouse was burned in 1888, Mrs. Brothers' father owned the property, but that the deeds were destroyed in the fire. She was a child then. When she became of age she entered suit. When the deeds to the Brothers' property were destroyed, the titles to thousands of other acres of the richest lands in Pemiscot were also burned. Titles to almost all the ground now occupied by the town of Steele were also lost. It is understood that several residents of Louisville, Ky., who have claims similar to those of Mrs. Brothers, have been awaiting the outcome of her case to file suits for possession of much of the property upon which Steele is situated. United States District Attorney Dyer appeared in the case for Mrs. Brothers. It is understood that the defendants will appeal from the decision of Judge Rodgers.

### Killed by Ore Thieves.

In a desperate battle with ore thieves, William Busick, night watchman at the Hot Air mine, two miles east of Joplin, was shot and killed. Two men appeared at the mine with a team and wagon just before daylight, and filled the place Busick started in pursuit with a rifle, and in the fight which ensued Busick was shot three times. Two suspects, Boss Relford and Will Asbell, are under arrest. One of the men is said to have confessed.

### Superintendent Smith Resigns.

Dr. J. W. Smith has tendered his resignation as superintendent of state hospital for the insane No. 1, at Fulton, to take effect June 13. All of the assistant physicians also resigned, so that the board of managers of the institution may be free to choose a staff under Smith's successor that will be satisfactory to all concerned. Smith assigned ill health as the cause of his resignation.

### Italian Miner Shoots His Wife.

Tommaso Pierri, an Italian coal miner, shot and mortally wounded his young wife, Theresa Pierri, at his home on the outskirts of Bevier. His countrymen threatened to lynch, and the sheriff hurried him to Macon, where he was jailed. Pierri said that he had shot his wife because she was jealous of him. The woman was 23 years old and the mother of two children.

### Bid Money in Fireplace.

Mrs. F. A. Stephens, of Centralia, hid \$65 in bills and her gold watch behind a log in the fireplace for safe keeping, while her sons went to the circus, and the next morning, forgetting where the money was hidden, built a fire in the fireplace. The money was burned, and the watch was ruined.

### Five Hurt in Bridge Collapse.

The false work on the new bridge over Grand river, near Chillicothe, collapsed, precipitating five men to the ground, a distance of 30 feet, and one into the water. He swam out unhurt. Sam Lamon was seriously injured, and the other four were badly bruised.

### Accidentally Killed.

James T. Prewett, one of the pioneer merchants of Dixon, was struck by an east-bound freight train as he was walking on the tracks near the depot, and was instantly killed. He was 80 years of age, and had lived in that city since 1871.

### Responsible for Boy's Death.

The coroner's jury investigating the death of young David Winget, which occurred at La Crosse, found that the lad was forcibly thrown from the cars by a member of the crew on a Santa Fe freight train and fell under the wheels.

### Killed While Stealing